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TWO EPISTLES ON HAPPINESS:

To a Young LADY.

Nelle amicitie, chi più ſi ricorda, più ama.

Lett. di Bent. al Sig. J. Maffei.

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TWO
EPISTLES
ON
HAPPINESS:
To a Young LADY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
ON
HAPPINESS.
To a Young LADY.

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THE FIRST EPISTLE

ON

HAPPINESS.

WHILE youth in crowds their adoration pay,
To that bright blaze of beauty You diſplay,
Their incenſe offer, and their vows repeat,
That incenſe flatt'ry, and thoſe vows a cheat;
Permit the heart ſincere your thoughts to move
From idle dreams of Goddeſſes and love,
To all the means that reaſon may ſuggeſt,
To make you with that blaze of beauty, bleſt.

True Happineſs deſerves your conſtant care;
Calls forth your earneſt wiſh, and fervent pray'r;
Among the gifts of Fortune ſtill unknown,
And muſt be rais'd by labors of your own;
On ev'ry virtue grafted, e'er you find
It bears that fruit delicious to the mind;
That fruit mature with never fading joys,
Whoſe fulneſs ſatisfies, but never cloys,
Which ripens as it blooms, is ever fair
With charms, that neither blight nor age impair.

Come, then, my fair Inſpirer! come along,
Thou more than Genius to the Poet's ſong;
Let us to pleaſure's ample field repair,
And ſearch if perfect Happineſs be there;
Try Titles, Honors, ſee what they produce;
What bliſs attends on Fame, on Wealth profuſe;

Shall we purſue it where the wiſer tread,
In Language knowing, or in Books well read?
Or if from Love the gentle Nymph can find
The peaceful bleſſing, in her fearful mind;
See, whether gen'rous Friendſhip wants relief,
Or ſtands ſecure againſt deceit and grief:
Wherever then the mighty bleſſing's known,
We'll ſearch, and make it when reveal'd, our own.

First then for Wealth, that ſets the world in arms;
Or keeps it peaceful by its pow'rful charms;
Averts th' uplifted hand, ſtern death beguiles,
And turns pale-looking fury into ſmiles;
Say, can it make, when luſt of rage is paſt,
The cruel conq'ror happy at the laſt?

Lothus forth-iſſuing in his chariot, gay,
Rivals the glories of the God of day;
While from his breaſt the flaming gold beams bright,
And diamonds glow with a refulgent light;
A ſpruce trim band obedient wait his nod,
He walks an angel, and he rides a God;
Above all other's griefs, and human woe,
He looks indignant on the world below.

Are theſe ſuch bleſſings? ſuch can riches give —
If theſe are bleſſings, who would wiſh to live!
Not rather die, than take the other part,
To bear his pride and perfidy at heart.

Wealth never gave one happy hour at beſt,
To ſooth the ſighing of a conſcious breaſt:

The vanity of pomp, the ſhow of dreſs,
Deſign'd to heighten, makes us ſomething leſs;
Throws but a veil that hides the inward ſmart,
Or gilds the outſide of a rankling heart:
'Tis all wealth can; and nothing ſhall exceed
The bounds which Nature wiſely has decreed.

But ſtill you cry: Preach lectures as you may,
Wealth has its charms, and ever wins the day;
Say, what but wealth our many wants ſupplies,
And gives at leaſt thoſe pleaſures, that we prize;
The choiceſt viands, the delicious wine,
The neateſt dreſs, and muſic all divine;
Improves the garden, and the brook that flows —
That theſe it gives, is more than * Parcus knows:

* This ſhort relation with its circumſtances, is currently reported of a Gentleman, who lives in a famous city in the Weſt of England; nor is this account the leaſt exaggerated.

He,

He, whose strong coffers fifty thousand hold,
Has scarce a coat to guard him from the cold:
His good wife dies -- his brain is on the rack;
The coat is turn'd, and trimm'd with rueful black.
But grant Wealth gives whate'er you fancy best,
Are you the happier when they are possest?
More than we need is trifling, useless, vain;
Excessive pleasure is ally'd to pain;
Pleasures repeated, sicken, nauseate, cloy,
Pall the quick sense, and crush th' expected joy.

Wealth too, observe, has all its weighty cares;
Ambitious hopes, anxieties, and fears;
Has many a secret foe, and fraudful friend,
And never makes us happy in the end;
Corrupts our peace, and makes us cease to live,
And gives much less than competence would give.

Say,

Say next, can Titles claim ſuperior pow'r?
The gift of Fortune in a proſp'rous hour:
The gift of madmen now, and now of knaves,
To baſtards, beggars, and enſlaving ſlaves.
Who begs a title, wants all elſe beſide;
Who buys a title, muſt be mad with pride;
Mad to diſtraction! let him be confin'd!
What art, what med'cine can relieve his mind?
Save him the charge, and kindly let him dwell
At *Bedlam's* palace, in a madman's cell;
There, coſtleſs to indulge the pleaſing thought
Of honors purchas'd, and of titles bought;
In madneſs end, what folly had begun,
Be happy now, who might have been undone;
Enjoy like others and with heart as clean,
The ſtraw-built, baſeleſs, viſionary ſcene.

Such

Such is the Title where true merits fail,
Valu'd as gold upon the peacock's tail;
Deſpis'd tho laſting, uſeleſs tho ſo fair,
Serves ſome to laugh at, and the fool to ſtare.

Survey its glory and meridian heighth,
Conferr'd where merit claims it as a right,
'Tis but a faint addition at the beſt,
To pleaſe the fancy, not relieve the breaſt.
Say, can it bring me in the hour of grief,
Support to ſorrow, to my fears relief:
When fainting, ſick, and languiſhing with pain,
Renew my courage, or my ſtrength ſuſtain:
In time of trial fix me firm as fate,
Bold amidſt horrors; amidſt dangers, great:
Or, when at laſt, Death's ever dreaded dart,
Ends my frail being, trembling in my heart;

Ere

Ere the ſad gloom has baniſh'd joyful light,
And wrapt my eyeballs in eternal night;
While yet I think — and ſtill that thought betrays
A conſcious doubtfulneſs, a fearful maze —
Say, will it ſoften the perplexing ſcene;
Compoſe my troubles, make my mind ſerene;
Pour chearful cordials as my doubts increaſe;
And, like a roſe-lip'd Seraph, whiſper peace?

Go! catch the rain-bow far-ſtretch'd in the ſky,
And dip thy mantle in the various dye!—
The thought ſeems raving from a madman's brain?
'Tis true; remember titles are as vain:
So ſure the mantle ſhall the dye receive,
As ſtrings and titles true enjoyment give;
Each like the other, gawdy empty things,
From ſimple knighthood to the throne of kings;

As much a bawble as a ſword of lath:
Who doubts, may aſk poor * THEODORE OF ****.
Fame is as incenſe born upon the wind,
Each gale is grateful, and each breath is kind,
Spreads far true merit, makes the genius known,
And ſprings, from cares, and virtues all our own;
'Tis not that paltry traſh, which pow'r beſtows,
But comes unſought for, from unwilling foes;
'Tis his fair prize that nobly ſhall excel
In thought ſuperior, and in acting well.
Hence ſprings true Fame; nor does from chance ariſe,
As ſtrength of body, and propoſition'd ſize;
Beyond weak art, and each external gift,
Is giv'n not to the beauteous, not the ſwift;
To her that triumphs in the active dance,
Nor him that dextrous wields the deathful lance;

* *Theodore*, nominal King of *Corſica*; who at the time of writing this Epiſtle, was confin'd in the Fleet Priſon for debt.

To her whoſe pencil bids the hills recede,
Nor him that graceful manages the ſteed;
To her that ſweetly ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
Nor him whoſe voice tranſports you while he ſings.
Mere tranſient trifles all, that lay no claim
To high deſert, and juſt deſerve a name;
Amuſements form'd to ſooth the mind in grief,
To give the ſtretch'd intentive thought relief.

But if this phantom captivate thy view,
And thou would'ſt fill the fancy'd bliſs purſue,
Poſſeſs, enjoy, whatever Fame can give;
In peace enjoy it, and contented live:
Yet this fair Fame ev'n in its zenith bright,
This ſomething, nothing, that ſhould ſet us right,
Serves but to lead us from our bliſs aſtray,
And gives us glimm'ring light, for cheerful day.

For ſolid joys, but promiſes and ſchemes,
Hopes inſubſtantial, and deluſive dreams.
Fame in itſelf, in point of making bleſt,
Is but a name, or honor at the beſt;
And honors, happineſs no more enfold,
Than gilding, makes the gilded ſubſtance gold.
Could CROMWEL's Fame bring off his honor clear,
I grant no purchaſe could be thought too dear;
But often deep-deſigning knaves we ſee,
Forſake the beaten path of villainy,
A while to Virtue they direct their aim,
On her fair plea to build a laſting name:
And what if Fame aſſiſts a villain's cauſe?
She leaves the wretch at heart, the wretch he was;
As far from happy for the glory giv'n,
As *Pluto's* regions from the throne of Heav'n.

For

For no ſuch influence can it e'er poſſeſs,
The wiſe to charm, its votaries to bleſs;
It makes the good no happier than they were,
They beſt deſerve it, and 'tis leaſt their care:
The bad purſue, and in poſſeſſing find,
It yields no cordial to a ſick'ning mind.

To learned Knowledge if we then aſpire,
Say, can that give the bleſſing we deſire?
Here, both the greateſt, and the wiſeſt own,
In wiſdom's ſchool how little can be known!
While yet that little is obtain'd with pain,
For doubts perplex, and difficulties reign.
The ſcene ſtill further open'd to our view,
What endleſs labyrinths for ever new!
Here as we tread not reaſon can befriend,
Obſcure we enter, and in darkneſs end;

Thro'

Thro' gloomy windings blindly grope along,
Know not the right, but blunder in the wrong;
Happy at laſt! if ſome bright beaming ray
Shall unexpected, lead us into day;
Return'd to day; as from ſome ſea-beat ſhore
We eye thoſe dangers, that we truſt no more.

Or would we gain its moſt exalted ſphere,
Ev'n Knowledge there excites the ſorrowing tear:
Thoſe that know moſt too dearly find it true,
They know more griefs than others ever knew:
They ſee from far the dire misfortunes preſs,
Unable to evade, or to redreſs:
Their ſoul ſuperior dares the coming ill,
They bravely ſuffer, but 'tis ſuff'ring ſtill:
They feel for others, for themſelves they feel,
They doubly ſmart, nor can the ſmart conceal:

Thus

Thus born to ſorrow all our griefs they know,
And largely drink the bitter cup of woe.
" Softly cries *Sylvia* (full of needleſs fears,
And eyes that ſcarce reſtrain the guſhing tears)
" Soft — ſoftly ſpeak; ſo far I'll not explore,
O grant me Beauty, Heav'n! I aſk no more:
Give me to rival COVENTRY or PIT,
I aſk no knowledge, nay I aſk not wit;
In all beſide, let any Fair-one ſhine,
Be HAMILTON's bright charms and graces mine!
Then in his turn while Beauty ſtands confeſt,
The youth ſhall ſigh, and *Sylvia* ſhall be bleſt;
The youth ſhall ſigh, my leſſon ſhall he learn;
In ſilence languiſh, and in ſecret burn:
The kindling heat in ev'ry vein ſhall glow,
His hope no end, no bounds his paſſion know;

The charm deep rooted that no art can move,
Shall make him yield his very ſoul to love;
Love ſhall be all he taſtes, hears, thinks or ſees,
And mine the pow'r that only can appeaſe;
For mine's the beauty that firſt gave the ſpell,
And forms within his breaſt, a heav'n or hell."---

This pleaſing dream of pow'r the Nymph enjoy'd,
A moment; and the viſion was deſtroy'd:
She pray'd the Gods in ſecret to comply;
The fervent pray'r was ended with a ſigh;
The ſigh receiv'd, the pray'r the Gods reject,
To winds commit it with a cold neglect;
Then ſent her reaſon knowing what was beſt:
Which, thus the love-deluded nymph addreſt.

" Thy ſuit once granted, thou too late would'ſt prize,
Thoſe real bleſſings which you now deſpiſe;

The

The brighteſt beauteous form that comes alone,
Is a mere butterfly that haunts the ſun;
For ever flutt'ring where reſort the gay,
To catch the eye and make the fancy ſtray;
Still as it flies the pleaſing colors charm,
Never itſelf, but others to its harm.
The wanton youth he eyes a thing ſo fair,
Purſues as ſoon, and ſpreads the latent ſnare;
From place to place the tranſient treaſure flies,
As faſt the youth purſues with raptur'd eyes;
Prompted by hope, and active at the race,
Eager and conſtant he purſues the chaſe;
Exert thy utmoſt ſkill, each art improve;
He briſkly follows, as on wings of love:
No time to loiter, 'tis no time to play,
Ruin attends, and fatal is delay:

He wearies not; fond hopes ſupply his breath;
You pauſe a moment—and that pauſe is death:
Death to all charms; for lo! the youth comes on,
If once he ſeizes, ev'ry beauty's gone!
What tho' admir'd e'er yet it was poſſeſt;
Now fully'd 'tis a common thing at beſt—
Thus, unleſs I direct; and Prudence aid,
A ſnare is Beauty, and the Fair's betray'd.
She that has charms (I ſpeak without offence)
Should have at leaſt a double ſhare of ſenſe:
And grant her of the wiſh'd-for gift poſſeſt,
It is not beauty that ſhall make her bleſt.
Beauty's a tender flow'r, preſerv'd with care,
Diſeaſe deſtroys, and ſorrows will impair;
Muſt be defended, ſhaded from the heat,
From winds that ruffle, and from ſtorms that beat;

While

While tender yet, nor to perfection brought,
What art to nurſe it racks the anxious thought!
But when it blooms in all its glory bright,
And nature leaves it finiſh'd to the height;
To fix it there, what more than art is due!
What riſing troubles, and what griefs renew!
This, would you know, aſk her that did excel,
Since ſhe alone that has been fair, can tell;
Since ſhe, and only ſhe that did exceed,
Knows loſs of beauty is a loſs indeed!
The roſeate hue, the features with a grace,
The ſymmetry of parts, the beauteous face,
Clitander loves —— alas! they're not for life,
Then why, my Friend, ſuch beauties in a wife?
Say, why to beauty's charms ſo much inclin'd;
Why not as partial to a taſte refin'd?

Or why, ſuperior merit not purſue?
Why not to ſenſe, thy earneſt ſuit renew?
Where meaner int'reſt calls, with better grace
Thy judgment ſpeaks; as thus — we'll ſtate a caſe.

The debt that's owing to Clitander pay;
The pieces gold; and let Clitander weigh;
Sterling's the gold; the Guineas hold their weight;
The number's juſt; What now ſhall be their fate?
Shall he refuſe, and give them back again,
For lo! the mould has form'd a pointed chin;
The neck is faulty, forehead is too high,
The cheek not dimpled, or too ſmall an eye?
No; he obſerves ſuch blemiſh not implies
Loſs of that worth or value that we prize;
And tho the artiſt may have miſs'd his aim,
Th' intrinſic worth and value is the ſame;

On this he reſts: and not on charms ſo gay,
That uſe will injure; time muſt wear away;
Pleas'd he accepts them, as they are not light:
And all confeſs Clitander's in the right.

Let him that loves encounters and alarms,
For life, take bluſhing beauty to his arms:
A path more peaceful would you wiſh to find,
Be wedded to the beauties of the mind.

But let us 'wake from Beauty's idle dream;
And Friendſhip, gen'rous friendſhip be the theme;
Where honor, truth, and virtue join the hearts,
And faith receiv'd, an equal faith imparts:
Warm'd in the boſom where true Friendſhip glows,
Knows no cool love, and no indifference knows;

Nor

Nor can thy Friend in juſtice be deny'd
To ſhare thy joyous thought, thy grief divide;
For as his ſorrows and his joys you ſhare;
So his, thy bliſs; and mutual is the care.
These are like pleaſing pains in love expreſt;
He that embarks muſt ſacrifice his reſt.
At firſt calm ſeas invite, and breathing gales,
You glide along, and ſpread the op'ning ſails;
The peaceful land retires as you purſue;
Seems to retire, and leſſens to the view;
Now but a point the ſearching eyes explore;
One parting look — and now it is no more.
* Ev'n like a baſeleſs viſion of the mind,
Vaniſh'd in air; no track is left behind.
On all ſides ſee! 'tis one wide watry waſte,
Fraught with thoſe toils which bold advent'rers taſte;

* From *Shakeſpear*.

On

On we muſt ſteer, impending dangers meet,
And bravely be defeated, or defeat,
For lo! the winds increaſe, the waves run high,
With horror pale, all dread deſtruction nigh;
The lab'ring bark upon its ſide reclin'd,
Seeks a kind ſhelter from th' unruly wind,
While waves relentleſs with their tyrant pow'r
Heap the big ſea, and threaten to devour.
So Friendſhip's Bark thro' life muſt ſteer along,
Where dangers wait, and ſorrows ever throng;
Thro' ſtorms of envy, and the frowns of fate,
Of foes the malice, and the world's deceit;
On board no aid; two friends alone appear,
By turns to ſet the ſail, by turns to ſteer.
Rouſe then thy fortitude, 'tis now the day
That glowing Friendſhip ſhould its beams diſplay;

Can

Can chilling fear a virtuous breaſt diſarm,
And cool a Friendſhip that was once ſo warm?
Alas! deſpair has made Alphonzo brave;
He quits his Friend; and plunges in his grave:
In vain he hopes to reach the diſtant ſhore,
And juſtly meets that death he merits more.

Such are the Friendſhips that in life abound;
On ev'ry coaſt unhappy wrecks are found:
He that deſerts, (to ſpeak it in a breath)
Has loſt his honor; which is worſe than death.

Friendſhip and Love are ever near ally'd;
He muſt have ſkill that fairly would divide;
But to their joys however gay, or true,
What griefs attend, and dear-bought ſorrows too!

Succeed

Succeed in Friendſhip, or in Love be bleſt;
The joys you feel has ever tongue expreſt!
Prove falſe the Lover, or a cheat the Friend;
And thy ſoul-piercing anguiſh knows no end!
Yourſelf then queſtion, how you wiſh to live;
Nor aſk of Nature what ſhe cannot give.
Would you with tranſport gild the hours of life,
And bravely dare the dangers and the ſtrife,
Let ardor fill thy breaſt with gen'rous rage;
Engage in Friendſhip, and in Love engage;
But O! beware e'er yet you feel the ſmart,
Weigh well that worth for which you give your heart;
Then to ſecure it, and your honor clear;
Be firm, be faithful, conſtant and ſincere.

But if content thro' humbler ſcenes to tread;
Baniſh'd be Friendſhip, and that Love be dead —

Or rather lull them in thy mind to sleep:
Guiltless of vows, no vows have you to keep.
So may thy Bark, of storms no willing sport,
With safety ride well-anchor'd in the Port.

End of the First Epistle.

THE

SECOND EPISTLE

ON

HAPPINESS.

To a Young Lady.

Insipidi diporti veramente
Ed insipida vita: e, s'a te piace,
E'sol perchè non hai provata l'altra. —
Direſti ——
O mia fugita etate,
Quante vedove notti,
Quanti dì ſolitare
Ho conſumati indarno,
Che ſi poteano impiegar in queſt' uſo,
Il qual più replicato, è più ſoave! ——
Che'l pentirſi da ſezzo nulla giova.

Tasso Amin. Att. 1. Sce. 1.

THE SECOND EPISTLE.

CONTENTS of the SECOND EPISTLE.

THAT we greatly suffer in wrong pursuits after Happiness, and in the end never obtain it; from line 8 to 18; *and must necessarily miscarry whilst we look for it in external things*; line 18 to 26. *Character drawn of a person who possesses most advantages wherein Happiness is by some thought to consist, and yet unhappy*; line 26 to 58. *That it consists partly in peace of mind*; line 58 to 63. *What virtues are necessary to that purpose*; line 63 to 177. *And partly in Health; which is so essential, that without it there can be no Happiness*; line 177 to 186. *Supplication to Health*; line 186 to 199. *Health and Peace give Happiness, which is the reward of temperance and virtue*; line 199 to the conclusion (206).

THE SECOND EPISTLE

ON

HAPPINESS.

*As One who travels on, and fainting ſtill,
With labor gains the ſummit of a hill,
And from its proſpect-giving top looks down,
Joyous, to ſee below the wiſh'd-for town,
Takes breath. Then turning on his ſtaff, reclin'd,
Surveys the villages he left behind.
So let us pauſe — now, the paſt ſcenes explore;
And view the ſeat of bliſs that lies before.

* See *Milton*, Book XII.

O Hap-

O Happineſs! for whom we bear to live;

And dare thoſe troubles daily dangers give;
For whom we yield the ſigh, and ſhed the tear;

Ever purſuing, and yet never near:

Thro' Pleaſure's ſmooth deluding paths we rove,

Thy counterfeits enjoy in joyleſs love.

Where the gay feaſt, and ſparkling wine invite,

Where mirth, and dance, and chearful wit delight,

We ſearch in vain; and loſt in wild deſpair,

Catch at a ſubſtance, but embrace the air.

Deceiv'd we muſt be, ever be unbleſt,

While all our hopes on things external reſt:

No laſting joys, no Happineſs they give;

Pleaſing by fits, they ſerve but to relieve;

That,

That, for a time; and when the ſeaſon's paſt,
Again returns th' unhappy hour at laſt;
Th' unhappy hour, all deſtitute of joy,
When the thought nauſeates, and the actions cloy.

Who taſtes more pleaſures, who enjoys them more,
The choiceſt too from Fortune's ample ſtore,
Than *Amulette*? who conſtant with the gay,
From feaſting flies to Op'ra, Dance, or Play;
To *Bath*, to *Scarb'rough*, *Tunbridge* muſt repair,
Wit, Cards, and Company engage the Fair:
This to improve, ev'n Fortune's ſelf has ſmil'd,
And ſhews in *Amulette* her fav'rite child;
From her own lap her hundred bleſſings pours,
Like *Jove* deſcending in his golden ſhow'rs:
To her, has giv'n the queen of beauty's face,
A ſhape that charms, to ev'ry action grace;

A pleaſing

A pleaſing voice that might the ſex adorn,
With breath as ſweet as "incenſe-breathing morn:"
Yet more, has giv'n her lively wit to ſhine
In bright Aſſemblies where She looks divine;
Nor reſted here but in the gen'rous fit,
Crowns with good-nature that ſuperior wit.

Such then is *Amulette*—her bleſſings, theſe—
Yet aſk the Fair if all theſe bleſſings pleaſe?
And if they do; (when no dread danger's nigh)
Yet aſk her why ſhe heaves the ſorrowing ſigh?
Ah! why with eyes ſo fix'd, and hands ſo croſt,
Sits ſhe in muſing melancholy loſt?
Penſive, alone, releas'd from cards and friends,
Why down her cheek the pearly drop deſcends?
The Fair ſhall tell you with all this poſſeſt,
One fatal truth—that ſtill ſhe is not bleſt:

That

That ſuch falſe pleaſures but her bliſs deſtroy,
And tumults raiſe, inſtead of gentle joy;
That nobler bleſſings ſhe would wiſh to find;
The laſting bleſſings of a peaceful mind.

Should Happineſs be then the thing purſu'd;
(And what but Happineſs is truly good!)
Firſt Peace be fought — bid flatt'ring joys to ceaſe —
The baſis of true Happineſs is Peace:
And this thy ſcheme — let Reaſon bear the ſway;
And paſſions, and affections ſtill obey:
With anxious thought encourage no deſires;
No wiſhes raiſe, nor fan their fiercer fires:
What Heav'n has giv'n Thee, be with that content;
With no ſucceſs elate; no loſs lament.
That buſ'neſs Heav'n has to thy part aſſign'd,
Purſue in quiet, with a cheerful mind;

Convinc'd, the rank you hold, beyond diſpute
Shall beſt thy temper, and thy talents ſuit.
Let others for ambitious ſchemes prepare;
Their follies join not, be not theirs thy care;
Their aim is grandeur; but as thine is peace,
Graſp not the thorny troubles of increaſe:
Theſe to condemn or praiſe be not thy choice,
Nor give thy judgment with the gen'ral voice;
Their actions if deſerving praiſe or blame,
Ask not our judgment, nor our cenſure claim;
If right or wrong we cenſure, or commend,
Sure foes we gain, uncertain is the friend;
Thoſe in their turn will deſp'rate ſlander bring,
With pois'nous teeth, and ever-darting ſting;
Our fortitude gives ground, and we renew,
Or raiſe a ſcene of troubles, to ſubdue.

But

But oh! awake to Virtue's early call!
Can'ſt thou do good? Communicate to all:
To all, thy ſuccour lend, thy aid impart;
When grief invades, the thought ſhall eaſe thy heart:
Each joy ſhall brighten, and ſhall make thy day
Of gladneſs ſhine in one unclouded ray:
In time of ſickneſs ſhall thy pain beguile,
And give the languid cheek the cheerful ſmile;
Shall eaſe thy throbs, revive thy aching head,
With hope refreſh thee, and ſhall ſmooth thy bed.
But yet keep firm thy pow'r, nor others truſt;
The world's deceitful, treach'rous and unjuſt:
Part with thy pow'r, tho endleſs were the ſtore,
Like life once gone, 'twill be retriev'd no more;
Sooner the bird eſcaping from thy hand,
Returns obedient at the quick command;

And you in Fortune's whirling eddy toſt,
Move in the circle, vaniſh, and are loſt.
Self-love muſt then reſtrain the gen'rous mind;
That, firſt conſulted; who can be too kind?
Say, at what point ſhall his benev'lence reſt,
Who as he bleſſes, ſtill the more is bleſt?
Far, as the Sun, it ſhall its beams diſplay,
While age nor nation ſhall confine its ray;
Diffus'd around, ſhall ſpread to all eſtates,
To friends that love us, and the foe that hates;
The great, the ſmall; th' unletter'd and the wiſe;
Shine on inferiors, to Superiors riſe;
With genial rays embracing all it can,
Shall prove its author is the friend of Man.

In all to God direct thy conſtant pray'r;
Who not implores him, merits not his care!

His

His favor loſt, no pow'r can give relief;
His care deny'd, the end is endleſs grief.
Learn then his will, and be his Law thy guide;
But firſt examine well, and then confide;
Leſt faireſt falſehoods reaſon ſhould diſarm,
And deep deceits improve the artful charm.
Once fix'd; be gentle — give thy zeal no rage;
Attack no ſect; no modes of faith engage:
Revile not thoſe who diff'rent paths purſue,
Yet thirſt as much for ſacred Truth as you;
Theſe, may be wrong, and want a clearer light;
Or yours the error; and 'tis they are right;
Or both miſtaken --- judgment is too weak:
What ſhall decide where reaſon cannot ſpeak?
Some points o'er reaſon may ſuperior ſoar;
On theſe who argues but perplexes more;

Beyond

Beyond the reach of art, no truth he draws,
And as he argues but confounds the cauſe.
Be candid then; and let who will contend,
Truths ſtill are truths, defend or not defend;
Injure, perplex, obſcure them as they may,
Fair light will ſhine, and ſhow us it is day ——
Still are their tenets beſt? —— to end the ſtrife,
Convince them by thy manners, and thy life:
The ſureſt means, the ſafeſt of them all;
And where that fails, mere rhetoric muſt fall.

Thus up to Peace the flow'ry way I lead,
On each hand roſes, vi'lets where you tread;
With ev'ry blitheſt flow'r that pleaſure gives,
That blooms inceſſant, and for ever lives;
Whoſe op'ning boſoms grateful ſcents exhale,
And fill with balmy ſweets each riſing gale;

Each gale enrich'd, as conſcious of its prize,
Bears the ſweet-breathing incenſe to the skies,
From whence it came: for Virtue could alone
Firſt ſpring in Heav'n, and ſtill adorns its throne ---
As near to Peace with eaſy ſteps you move,
Huſh'd are the winds, and all is fair above;
No clouds obſcure, no angry ſtorms appear,
Serene the sky and gentle is the air;
The ſun its kindeſt, mildeſt influence ſheds,
And joys ſpontaneous ſpring from flow'ry beds.

From this fair hill, extended you ſurvey
The faireſt proſpect in the brighteſt day:
Here then is Peace; and further ſtands confeſt
The happy Seat, the manſion of the Bleſt.
To Peace we enter, all its pleaſures join;
Diſmiſs our ſorrows, and our cares reſign;

Refreſh,

Refreſh, regale: ſecure from all alarms,
Look down below on folly's flatt'ring charms,
Whoſe gaudy outſides catch th' unjudging eye,
But when poſſeſt the promis'd joys deny;
Where grave and giddy, young and old are tools,
And the deluſion paſt, confeſs they're fools:
Confeſs, and prove it; will purſue once more;
Confide, enjoy, and ſuffer as before:
Like thoſe who conſtant, to their jilts return,
Drink hope for ever, and inceſſant burn.

But let's preſs forward, Happineſs our view;
That once attain'd, no further we purſue,
Can ſoar no higher; this our utmoſt bounds,
An everlaſting ſcene of bliſs ſurrounds:

Firſt Health be gain'd; in pow'rful Health confide,
Make her, with Peace, your patroneſs and guide;
Her preſence, wanting, all attempts are vain,
For Happineſs excludes pale grief and pain;
To theſe, its gates immoveable and ſure,
Are clos'd, and adamantine chains ſecure.
O Health! thou dear, thou precious gift of Heav'n!
Impartially to Slaves and Monarchs giv'n:
Thou beſt of bleſſings, to each joy the ſpring!
By Temp'rance nurs'd beneath its friendly wing:
Come! with thoſe ſmiles that gracefully adorn
Thy ruddy looks, freſh-blooming as the morn;
Come! and with ever ſmiling Peace diſplay
Thy pow'r, and be companions of our way;
With gentle Peace, whom lively joys attend,
Propitious come! our devious courſe befriend:

Protect us, and our longing hope compleat;
Conduct, admit us to the bliſsful Seat!

Ye come! while in your preſence far before;
Goes forth bright influence and directing pow'r;
The adamantine chains their gates releaſe,
Self-op'ning wide, they welcome Health and Peace!
Beneath their ſmiles we enter, and receive
The choiceſt bleſſings earthly bliſs can give;
Bleſſings which Providence has here aſſign'd
To healthy Temp'rance, and the virtuous Mind.

F I N I S.